

Poore man Yea indeed sir, God help me.  
 Humphrey How camst thou lame?  
 Poore man With falling off on a plum-tree.  
 Humphrey Wast thou blind, and wouldst climb plum-trees?  
 Poore man Neuer but once sir in all my life,  
 My wife did long for plums.  
 Humphrey But tell me, wast thou borne blind?  
 Poore man Yea truly sir.  
 Woman. Yea indeed sir, he was borne blind.  
 Humphrey What art thou, his mother?  
 Woman His wife sir.  
 Humphrey Hadst thou beene his mother,  
 Thou couldst haue better told:  
 Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.  
 Poore man Yes truly master, as cleere as day.  
 Humphrey Saist thou so? what colour's his cloake?  
 Poore man Why red maister, as red as blood.  
 Humphrey And his cloake?  
 Poore man Why that's greene.  
 Humphrey And what colour's his hose?  
 Poore man Yellow maister, yellow as gold.  
 Humphrey And what colours my gowne?  
 Poore man Blacke sir, as blacke as ieat.  
 King Then belike he knowes what colour ieat is on.  
 Suffolke And I thinke ieat did he neuer see.  
 Humph. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a one:  
 But tell me sirra, what's my name?  
 Poore man Alas maister I know not.  
 Humphrey Whats his name?  
 Poore man I know not.  
 Humphrey Nor his?  
 poore. No truly sir.  
 Hum. Nor his name?  
 poore. No indeed maister.  
 Hum. What's thine owne name?  
 poore. Sander, and it please you maister.  
 Hum. Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Chri-  
 stendome.

stendome. If thou hadst been borne blind, thou mightst as well  
 haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall co-  
 lours we do weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but so-  
 dainly to nominate them all it is impossible. My lords, saint Al-  
 bons here hath done a miracle, and would you not thinke his  
 cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs  
 againe?

poore man Oh maister I would you could.

Humphrey My maisters of Saint Albons,  
 Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,  
 And things called whips?

Mayor Yes my lord, if it please your grace.

Hum. Then send for one presently.

Mayor Sirra, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.

exit one.

Hum. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by,  
 Now sirra, if you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,  
 Leape me ouer this stoole, and runne away.

Enter Beadle.

poore. Alas maister I am not able to stand alone,  
 You go about to torture me in vaine.

Hum. Well sir, we must haue you find your legs,

Sirra Beadle, whip him til he leape ouer that same stoole.

Beadle I will my Lord, come on sirra, off with your doublet  
 quickly.

poore. Alas maister, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

After the beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes ouer the  
 stoole and runs away, and they run after him, crying,

a miracle, a miracle.

Hum. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, and  
 whipt through euery market Towne till he comes at Barwicke  
 where he was borne.

Mayor It shal be done my Lord.

exit Mayor.

Suff. My lord Protector hath done wonders to day,  
 He hath made the blind to see and the halt to go.

Hum. Yea but you did greater wonders, when you made  
 whole Dukedomes flie in a day.

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